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# Towering troubles of small banana



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**R**OY FURMARK came out of his apartment house at 200 Hicks St. in Brooklyn Heights and stood in the wet gloom of a late Sunday afternoon with two big battered suitcases. One held two copies of the Tower Commission report, which he was taking to Adnan Khashoggi in Paris. Both Furmark and Khashoggi are part of the report. Now a busted-down, two-door car from the Cobble Hill Car Service pulled up to take him to Kennedy Airport. The driver asked us not to smoke, and then lit a cigaret.

Furmark may be associated with Khashoggi, an oil and arms dealer who flies around in private planes, but Furmark appears to live and travel far from Adnan's wallet.

Last month, when Roy Furmark was subpoenaed by the Tower Commission and the House and Senate intelligence committees, he went to lawyers in Brooklyn Heights who work for the big Manhattan law firms. They all told Furmark to take the Fifth Amendment, but to do this properly, he had to have a lawyer right there with him in front of all the committees. Work of such importance could not be done for less than \$50,000, the lawyers felt.

Roy Furmark would not pay \$50,000 to be President of the United States.

"I said, well, I'll just have to go down on my own and tell them what I know," Furmark said. He took the shuttle to Washington alone. When he walked into the Tower Commission, he remembers Ed Muskie's mouth flew open. How could anybody dare appear in front of such a prestigious committee without bringing a costly lawyer? Roy Furmark could. He testified for three and a half hours in front of the Tower Commission. He spent about the same amount of time with both the House and Senate committees. He saved \$50,000. And by walking in without a lawyer, he was regarded as an office boy.

"They dropped my name from the list of major players," Roy Furmark said happily as he rode in the battered car to the airport.

Roy is 55, with brown hair in need of a haircut and a goatee that has white in it. He comes out of old Finntown in Brooklyn. He spent weekends at 108th Street in Rockaway Beach, playing basketball and then drinking beer in the old McGuire's. And now here, suddenly, he is involved in momentous events. And as you see how Roy Furmark got into it, the Iran arms story suddenly seems as simple as it was stupid. And that from now on, it becomes merely another police case of following the money and catching the thieves. If the thieves happen to be prominent, and a national administration falls—and it most certainly can, for the most soaring, thrilling of

speeches serve as no explanation for stolen money—that still does not make the case as anything more complicated than the apprehension of thieves.

**O**N THE RIDE to the airport, Furmark said, "I'd ask Shultz and Abrams about how many countries gave them money for this thing. So far they say Saudi Arabia gave them what, I read \$20 million, and then the Sultan of Brunei gave them \$10 million. Do you mean these are the only countries to pay? You have the secretary of state and his right-hand man, Elliott Abrams, around asking countries for donations. Who would say no to them?"

The cab raced into Queens and Furmark now said, "You can't be sure anybody else broke laws. Maybe nobody sent any money to Nicaragua. Maybe they just skimmed all the money in Geneva and it could turn out to be all legal."

"How good a party did they have?" he was asked.

He held out his hands. "How can you tell?" he said, wistfully. "You hear \$60 million missing. I think that's only a small part of it."

"What did you tell them in Washington?" he was asked.

"It's all in the Tower report. I had nothing to hide. I was an accountant at Touche Ross and I met John Shaheen. He told me to come into the oil business. He had Bill Casey for a lawyer. So that's how I met Casey. While I was working for Shaheen, I also met Adnan Khashoggi and Manucher Ghorbanifar. There is no mystery to it."

Shaheen died. Furmark since has tried to get rich in oil with Khashoggi, and Ghorbanifar, who is an Iranian who also deals arms.

One day of 1986, Furmark, hanging on the fringes, was on Khashoggi's yacht, Nabila, at Marbella, Spain. Adnan talked about putting up a million dollars to test a "back channel." Furmark also remembers being at Ghorbanifar's condominium in Nice, France. The condominium overlooks the water. He had lunch with Ghorbanifar's wife and three children and as Ghorbanifar talked Furmark remembers asking about obstacles.

"What obstacles?" Ghorbanifar said. "There are no obstacles. North gets all that done." It was the first time Furmark heard the name of Oliver North. Furmark also heard about

a general named Secord, who believes in strong attacks on money.

"I never heard anybody say the Contras got money," Furmark said.

Furmark said Khashoggi and Ghorbanifar don't know anything about arms except how to sell them. "I know for sure Adnan has never seen a missile. Neither have I."

Last spring, Khashoggi put up \$15 million and never got \$10 million of it back. Last fall, he went to Furmark.

"Adnan asked me if I could see Bill Casey about the money. I called the Central Intelligence headquarters in Virginia and asked for Casey. No, I'd never done a thing like that before. They asked me what I wanted and I said it was a personal call. I left my number. I get a call back from Casey. You know, Bill is a nice guy. He likes to help friends. He told me to come down to see him. I saw him on October 7 at the CIA headquarters at Langley, Va. I told him, 'You owe Khashoggi \$10 million.' Bill said to me, 'It's not my operation. Maybe it's an Israeli operation.' I said to him, 'Listen, Bill, it's North and Poindexter handling this thing. It's not Israel. Let's get somebody from here to pay.'"

"Casey said, 'Let's get Poindexter.' He put in a call to Poindexter, but Poindexter wasn't in. So Bill told me to come back and see his chief assistant, Charles Allen. I came back and saw Allen and when I was finishing up—it was late in the day—Bill Casey dropped by and said he was flying up to the Al Smith dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria and he'd give me a ride in his plane. We talked on the way up.

"I told him, 'Bill, do a partial shipment of the weapons or refund some of the money. But do something to keep us alive on this, will you?' He said to me, 'I'm trying.' Then we didn't talk about it anymore. Bill had had his wife with him."

**I** SAW CASEY for the third time on November 24. He looked great. We went over the money in detail. Bill got on the phone and said, 'Ollie, we have a man here who says you owe him \$10 million.' When Bill hung up, he said, 'He said you have to see Iran or Israel.' Bill asked me if I wanted to see Ed Meese on this. I said to him, 'Bill, you're the government as far as we're concerned. It's in your hands.' The next morning, Meese and Reagan announced that there had been a diversion of funds to Contras. That took care of that."

"And Casey got sick," Furmark was told.

"Casey got sick," he said solemnly.

"Do you think Casey had the money?"

Furmark spread his hands. At the airport, he checked one bag. He kept the one with the Tower reports. He

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asked for a rear seat in the tourist section. "When it's empty back there, you can get four across and sleep. I'm flying here on my own money. Sometimes, I'm on Adnan's private plane. Sometimes, he picks up the hotel bill in Paris. Other times he doesn't."

He went to the bar and had a bottle of beer. "The United States government has to make good on the money. More than \$10 million now. Adnan had to pay 10% interest. It's nearly a year."

"If Adnan gets his \$10 million back, what do you get out of it?" Furmark was asked.

He shrugged. "Oh, I'm in so many deals with Adnan. I just need one of them to come in. This is just a thing I'm doing for him. I'm just looking for one deal to come through. I've had pieces. But never a whole deal."

Then he began talking about other people and he mentioned having dinner one night in Washington with Michael Ledeen, who was some sort of consultant to the National Security Council and I just remembered reading something about Ledeen.

"Did you see in the Tower report that North sent a memo saying that Ledeen was going to get \$50 for each missile the Iranians got?"

Furmark's eyes widened. Then Furmark's body moved as the bayonet went into his ribs.

"Where was that?" he said.

"It's in the Tower Report."

**R**OY FURMARK looked at the suitcase at his feet, the one holding the reports. He wanted to make sure it was there. At this point, Furmark's plane was called. All across the Atlantic on Sunday night, with the Tower Commission report in his lap, Roy Furmark of Hicks St., Brooklyn, could read and reread this memo from Oliver North about paying Ledeen a bonus for missiles. Read this while flying tourist on his own money. Of course this is a banana republic. All Roy Furmark wants is one of the bananas.